

The Historie of

for powder, they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

West. I, but, *Sir Iohn*, mee-thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their pouerty, I know not where they had that, And for their barenes, I am sure they neuer learnt that of me.

Prin. No ile be sworne, vnlesse you call three fingers on their ribs bare: but sirra, make hast, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What is the King incamp'd?

West. He is *Sir Iohn*, I feare we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, tis a dull fighter, and a keene guest. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Weele fight with him to night,

Wor. It may not be.

Dou. You giue him then aduantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? lookes he not for supply?

Ver. So doe wee.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is dubtfull.

Wor. Good coosen be aduisde, stir not to night.

Ver. Do not, my Lord.

Dou. You doe not counsell well:

Then speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Ver. Do not slaunder, *Douglas*, by my life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my life;

If well respected honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsell with weake feare,

As you my Lord, or any *Scot* that this day liues:

Let it be seene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares:

Dou. Yea, or to night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To night say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horse

Of my coosen *Vernons* are not yet come vp,

Henry the 4

Your Vncle *Worcesters* Horse came
And now their pride and mettall
Their courage with hard labour
That not a Horse is halfe the ha

Hot. So are the Horses of the
In generall iourney bated and b
The better part of ours are full

Wor. The number of the King
For Gods sake, Coosen, stay til

The Trumpet sounds a parley.

Blunt. I come with gracious
If you vouchsafe me hearing an

Hot. Welcome, sir *Walter B*
You were of our determination

Some of vs loue you well, and e
Enuie your great deseruings a

Because you are not of our qu
But stand against vs like an En

Blunt. And God defend, bu
So long as out of limit and tru

You stand against annoyntee
But to my charge. The King

The nature of your griefes, a
You coniure from the breast

Such bold Hostility, teaching
Audacious cruelty. If that th

Haue any way your good dese
Which he confesseth to be m

He bids you name your grief
You shall haue your desires w

And pardon absolute for you
Herein misled by your sugge

Hot. The King is kind: a
Knowes at what time to prou

My Father, my Vncle, and m
Did giue him that same royal

And when he was not sixe an
Sicke in the worldes regard,

Your